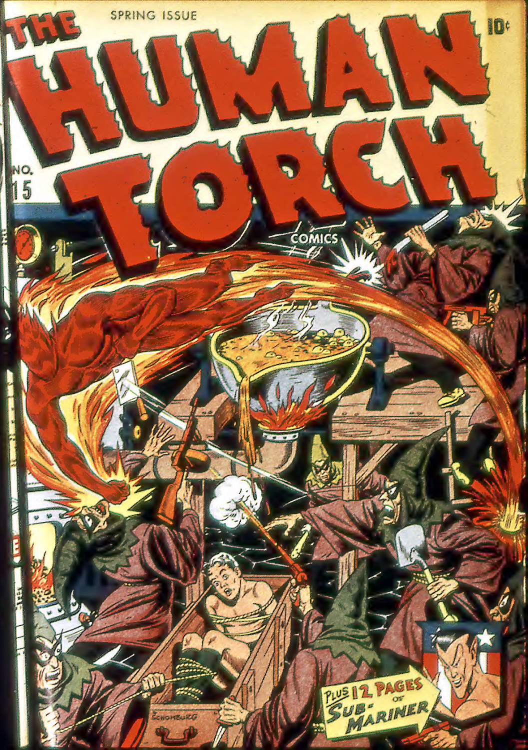
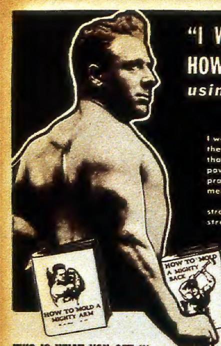

SPRING ISSUE
10¢
THE HUMAN TORCH
NO. 15
COMICS
PLUS 12 PAGES OF SUB-MARINER
SCHOMBURG



"I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A *MIGHTY* BODY using my quick, easy methods,"

says *George F. Jowett*

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that packs a punch — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM. This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development illustrated and explained as you like them.

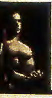
2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK. Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.

3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST. Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!

4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP. A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live sinewy cables! Fingers strong as steel pincers. A hand like an iron vise—yet sensitive.

5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS. Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 3 inches, his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unbeatable method! He will help you build legs with tireless power!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT Jowett trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

FREE!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions."

Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

Send for These FIVE FAMOUS COURSES *Formerly $5 each* NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH ALL 5 for $1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for $5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only $1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself *physically fit*, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

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George F. Jowett "Champion of Champions"

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 566, New York City

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☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $ .... plus a few cents postage. (No order less than $1 shipped C.O.D.)

☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR $1
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)
☐ Send me the FREE book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME.. AGE..........
ADDRESS..
CITY.. STATE..........

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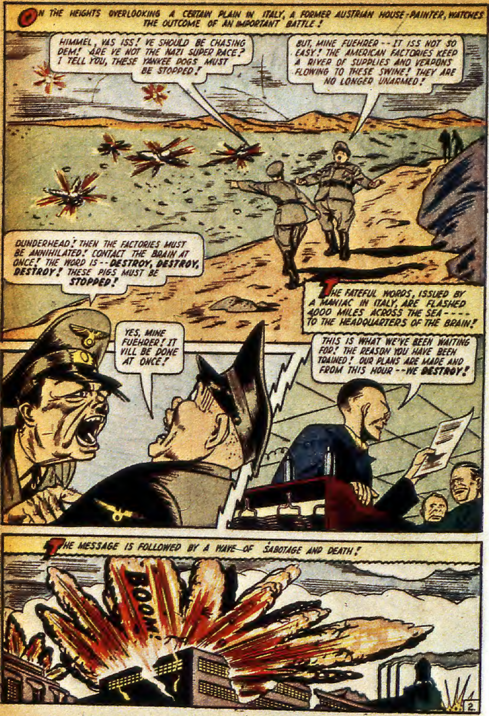
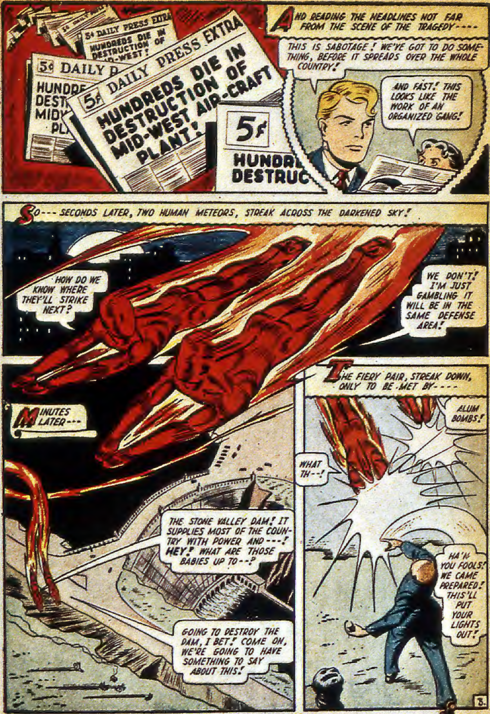
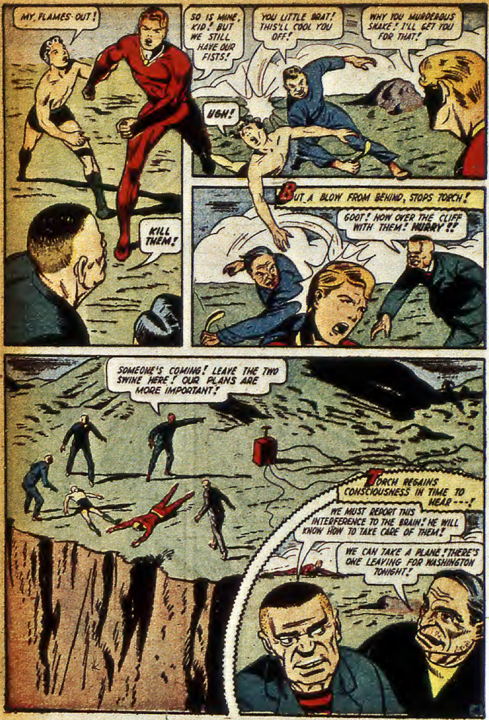
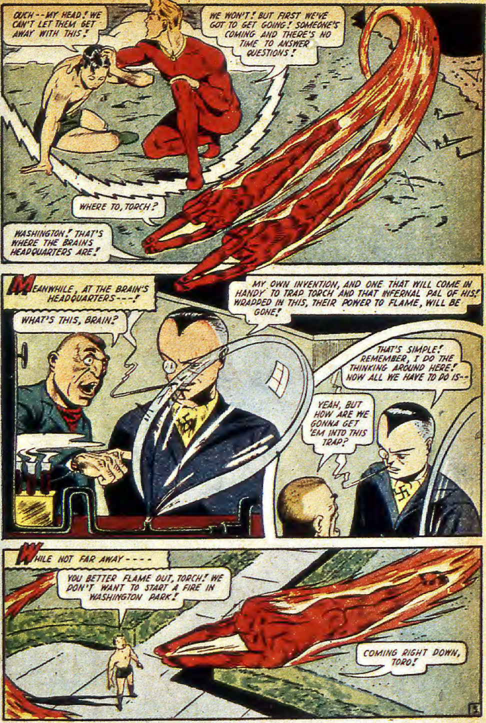
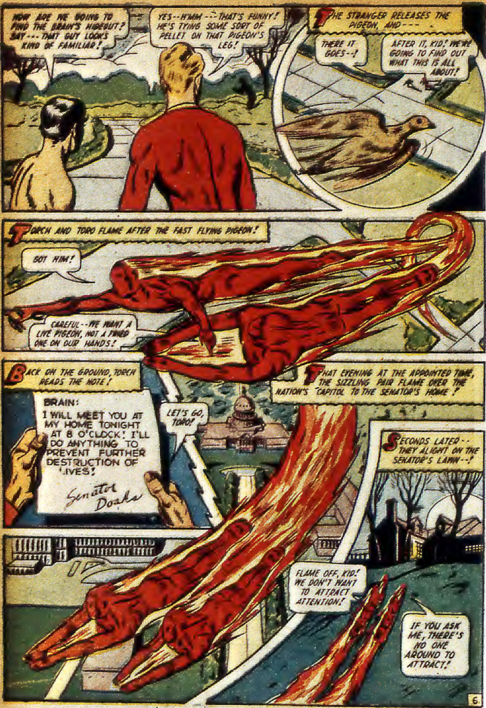
THE HUMAN TORCH
TORCH SMASHES A VICIOUS MURDER PLOT AS HE --- CHALLENGES THE "BIG BRAIN"

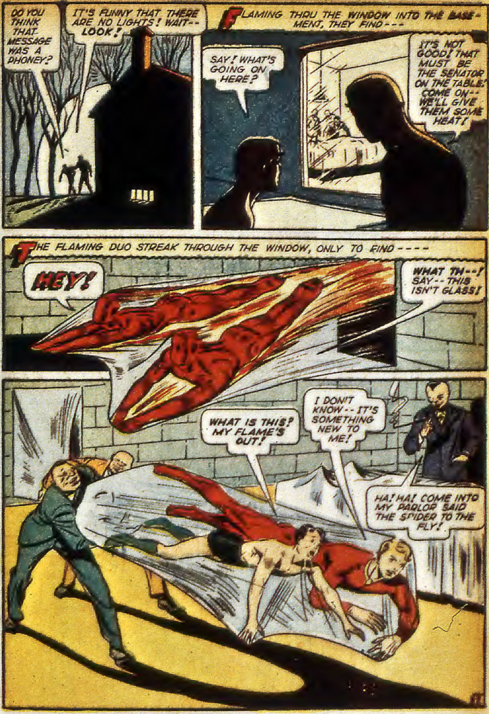

ON THE HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING A CERTAIN PLAIN IN ITALY, A FORMER AUSTRIAN HOUSE-PAINTER, WATCHES THE OUTCOME OF AN IMPORTANT BATTLE!
HIMMEL, VAS ISS! VE SHOULD BE CHASING DEM! ARE VE NOT THE NAZI SUPER RACE? I TELL YOU, THESE YANKEE DOGS MUST BE STOPPED!
BUT, MINE FUEHRER -- IT ISS NOT SO EASY! THE AMERICAN FACTORIES KEEP A RIVER OF SUPPLIES AND VEAPONS FLOWING TO THESE SWINE! THEY ARE NO LONGER UNARMED!
DUNDERHEAD! THEN THE FACTORIES MUST BE ANNIHILATED! CONTACT THE BRAIN AT ONCE! THE WORD IS -- DESTROY, DESTROY, DESTROY! THESE PIGS MUST BE STOPPED!
YES, MINE FUEHRER! IT VILL BE DONE AT ONCE!
THE FATEFUL WORDS, ISSUED BY A MANIAC IN ITALY, ARE FLASHED 4000 MILES ACROSS THE SEA ---- TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRAIN!
THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THE REASON YOU HAVE BEEN TRAINED! OUR PLANS ARE MADE AND FROM THIS HOUR -- WE DESTROY!
THE MESSAGE IS FOLLOWED BY A WAVE OF SABOTAGE AND DEATH!
BOOM!
2.

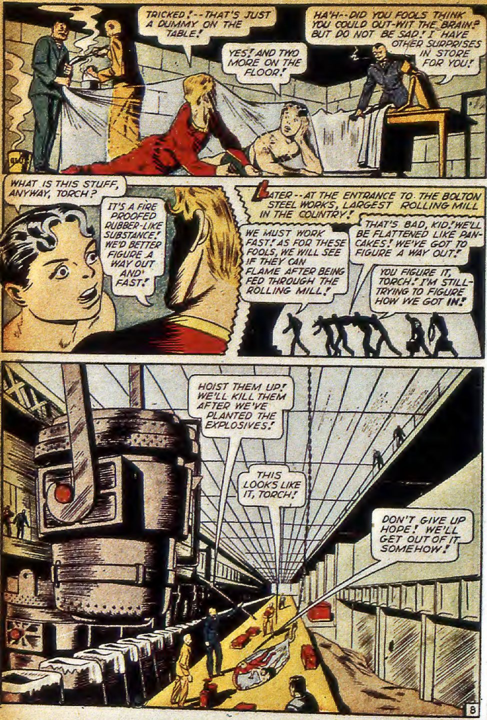

5¢ DAILY PRESS EXTRA
HUNDREDS DIE IN DESTRUCTION OF MID-WEST!
DAILY PRESS EXTRA
5¢
HUNDREDS DIE IN DESTRUCTION OF MID-WEST AIR-CRAFT PLANT!
5¢
AND READING THE HEADLINES NOT FAR FROM THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY----
THIS IS SABOTAGE! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, BEFORE IT SPREADS OVER THE WHOLE COUNTRY!
AND FAST! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF AN ORGANIZED GANG!
SO--- SECONDS LATER, TWO HUMAN METEORS, STREAK ACROSS THE DARKENED SKY!
HOW DO WE KNOW WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT?
WE DON'T! I'M JUST GAMBLING IT WILL BE IN THE SAME DEFENSE AREA!
MINUTES LATER---
THE STONE VALLEY DAM! IT SUPPLIES MOST OF THE COUNTRY WITH POWER AND---! HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE BABIES UP TO--?
GOING TO DESTROY THE DAM, I BET! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS!
THE FIERY PAIR, STREAK DOWN, ONLY TO BE MET BY----
ALUM BOMBS!
WHAT TH--!
HA-A YOU FOOLS! WE CAME PREPARED! THIS'LL PUT YOUR LIGHTS OUT!


MY FLAMES OUT!
SO IS MINE, KID! BUT WE STILL HAVE OUR FISTS!
KILL THEM!
YOU LITTLE BRAT! THIS'LL COOL YOU OFF!
UGH!
WHY YOU MURDEROUS SNAKE! I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT!
BUT A BLOW FROM BEHIND, STOPS TORCH!
GOOT! NOW OVER THE CLIFF WITH THEM! HURRY!!
SOMEONE'S COMING! LEAVE THE TWO SWINE HERE! OUR PLANS ARE MORE IMPORTANT!
TORCH REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS IN TIME TO HEAR---!
WE MUST REPORT THIS INTERFERENCE TO THE BRAIN! HE WILL KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM!
WE CAN TAKE A PLANE! THERE'S ONE LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON TONIGHT!

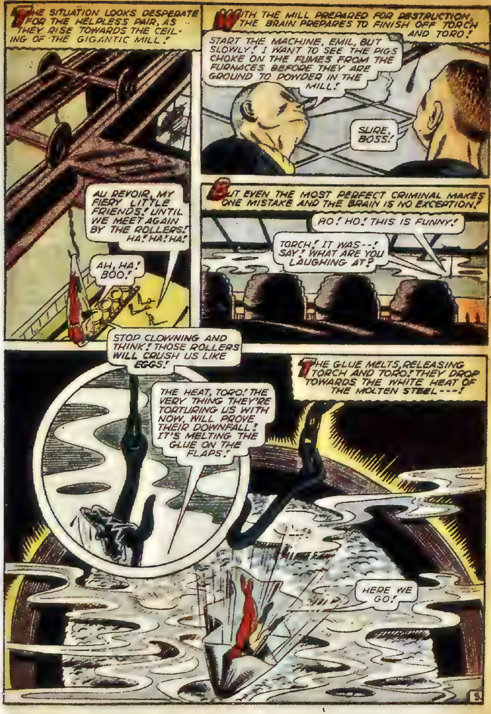

OUCH--MY HEAD! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!
WE WON'T! BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING! SOMEONE'S COMING AND THERE'S NO TIME TO ANSWER QUESTIONS!
WHERE TO, TORCH?
WASHINGTON! THAT'S WHERE THE BRAINS HEADQUARTERS ARE!
MEANWHILE, AT THE BRAIN'S HEADQUARTERS---!
WHAT'S THIS, BRAIN?
MY OWN INVENTION, AND ONE THAT WILL COME IN HANDY TO TRAP TORCH AND THAT INFERNAL PAL OF HIS! WRAPPED IN THIS, THEIR POWER TO FLAME, WILL BE GONE!
YEAH, BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET 'EM INTO THIS TRAP?
THAT'S SIMPLE! REMEMBER, I DO THE THINKING AROUND HERE! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS--
WHILE NOT FAR AWAY----
YOU BETTER FLAME OUT, TORCH! WE DON'T WANT TO START A FIRE IN WASHINGTON PARK!
COMING RIGHT DOWN, TORO!
3


HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE BRAIN'S HIDEOUT? SAY--- THAT GUY LOOKS KIND OF FAMILIAR!
YES--H'MM--- THAT'S FUNNY! HE'S TYING SOME SORT OF PELLET ON THAT PIGEON'S LEG!
THE STRANGER RELEASES THE PIGEON, AND---
THERE IT GOES--!
AFTER IT, KID! WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME AFTER THE FAST FLYING PIGEON!
GOT HIM!
CAREFUL--WE WANT A LIVE PIGEON, NOT A FRIED ONE ON OUR HANDS!
BACK ON THE GROUND, TORCH READS THE NOTE!
BRAIN:
I WILL MEET YOU AT MY HOME TONIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK! I'LL DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT FURTHER DESTRUCTION OF LIVES!
Senator Doaks
LET'S GO, TORO!
THAT EVENING AT THE APPOINTED TIME, THE SIZZLING PAIR FLAME OVER THE NATION'S CAPITOL TO THE SENATOR'S HOME!
SECONDS LATER-- THEY ALIGHT ON THE SENATOR'S LAWN--!
FLAME OFF, KID! WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION!
IF YOU ASK ME, THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO ATTRACT!
6

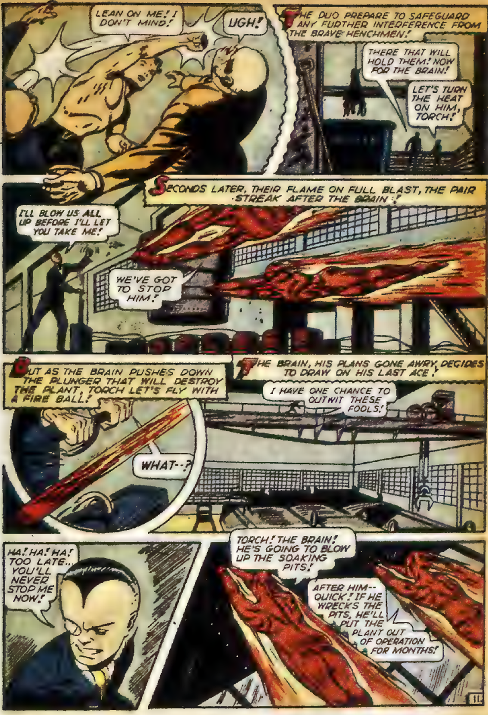

DO YOU THINK THAT MESSAGE WAS A PHONEY?
IT'S FUNNY THAT THERE ARE NO LIGHTS! WAIT-- LOOK!
FLAMING THRU THE WINDOW INTO THE BASEMENT, THEY FIND---
SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
IT'S NOT GOOD! THAT MUST BE THE SENATOR ON THE TABLE! COME ON-- WE'LL GIVE THEM SOME HEAT!
THE FLAMING DUO STREAK THROUGH THE WINDOW, ONLY TO FIND----
HEY!
WHAT TH--! SAY-- THIS ISN'T GLASS!
WHAT IS THIS? MY FLAME'S OUT!
I DON'T KNOW-- IT'S SOMETHING NEW TO ME!
HA! HA! COME INTO MY PARLOR SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY!

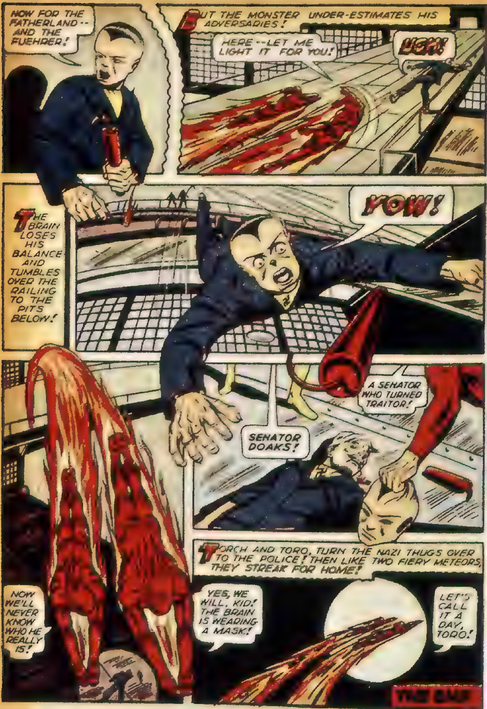


TRICKED!--THAT'S JUST A DUMMY ON THE TABLE!
YES! AND TWO MORE ON THE FLOOR!
HA'H--DID YOU FOOLS THINK YOU COULD OUT-WIT THE BRAIN? BUT DO NOT BE SAD! I HAVE OTHER SURPRISES IN STORE FOR YOU!
WHAT IS THIS STUFF, ANYWAY, TORCH?
IT'S A FIRE PROOFED RUBBER-LIKE SUBSTANCE! WE'D BETTER FIGURE A WAY OUT AND FAST!
LATER--AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOLTON STEEL WORKS, LARGEST ROLLING MILL IN THE COUNTRY!
WE MUST WORK FAST! AS FOR THESE FOOLS, WE WILL SEE IF THEY CAN FLAME AFTER BEING FED THROUGH THE ROLLING MILL!
THAT'S BAD, KID! WE'LL BE FLATTENED LIKE PAN-CAKES! WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY OUT!
YOU FIGURE IT, TORCH! I'M STILL TRYING TO FIGURE HOW WE GOT IN!
HOIST THEM UP! WE'LL KILL THEM AFTER WE'VE PLANTED THE EXPLOSIVES!
THIS LOOKS LIKE IT, TORCH!
DON'T GIVE UP HOPE! WE'LL GET OUT OF IT SOMEHOW!
8


THE SITUATION LOOKS DESPERATE FOR THE HELPLESS PAIR, AS THEY RISE TOWARDS THE CEILING OF THE GIGANTIC MILL!
AU REVOIR, MY FIERY LITTLE FRIENDS! UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN BY THE ROLLERS! HA! HA! HA!
AH, HA! BOO!
WITH THE MILL PREPARED FOR DESTRUCTION, THE BRAIN PREPARES TO FINISH OFF TORCH AND TORO!
START THE MACHINE, EMIL, BUT SLOWLY! I WANT TO SEE THE PIGS CHOKE ON THE FUMES FROM THE FURNACES BEFORE THEY ARE GROUND TO POWDER IN THE MILL!
SURE, BOSS!
BUT EVEN THE MOST PERFECT CRIMINAL MAKES ONE MISTAKE AND THE BRAIN IS NO EXCEPTION!
HO! HO! THIS IS FUNNY!
TORCH! IT WAS--! SAY! WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?
STOP CLOWNING AND THINK! THOSE ROLLERS WILL CRUSH US LIKE EGGS!
THE HEAT, TORO! THE VERY THING THEY'RE TORTURING US WITH NOW, WILL PROVE THEIR DOWNFALL! IT'S MELTING THE GLUE ON THE FLAPS!
THE GLUE MELTS, RELEASING TORCH AND TORO! THEY DROP TOWARDS THE WHITE HEAT OF THE MOLTEN STEEL---!
HERE WE GO!
9

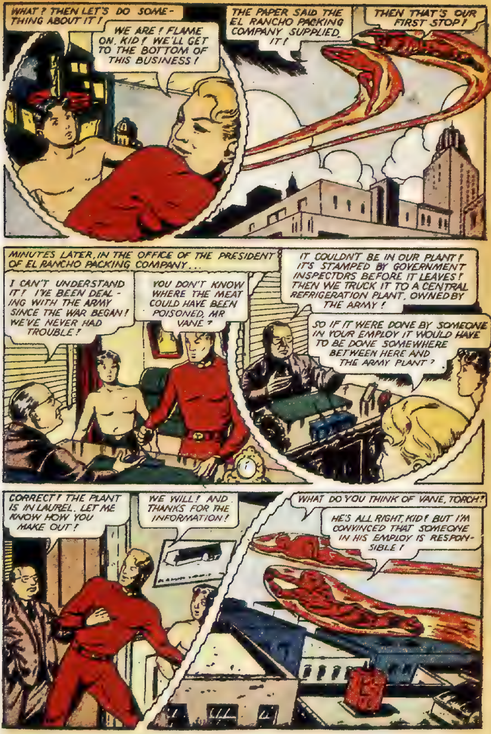
THE MOULTEN STEEL ERUPTS, THROWING THE TWOSOME CLEAR!
THEY'VE ESCAPED-- ALIVE!
TORCH AND TORO POWERDIVE TOWARDS THE SCATTERING CROOKS!
AFTER THEM, BOY!
NOW FOR THESE PLAY-BOYS! BOY! AM I GOING TO BURN THEM UP!
NO, KID! THE POLICE WILL WANT THEM ALIVE! BESIDES I WANT TO FEEL MY FISTS ON THEM!
THE TWO HUMAN FURNACES BANK THEIR FLAMES, AND---
THE FOOLS HAVE FLAMED OFF! NOW--GET THEM, BUT GOOD!
HI! HO! HUM! I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A NAZI--BUM!
THIS IS OUR TIME, TORO! LET'S CLEAN HOUSE!
FROM ME TO YOU!
OH! I DON'T KNOW!
VE VILL KILL YOU NOW!
19


LEAN ON ME! I DON'T MIND!
UGH!
THE DUO PREPARE TO SAFEGUARD ANY FURTHER INTERFERENCE FROM THE BRAVE HENCHMEN!
THERE THAT WILL HOLD THEM! NOW FOR THE BRAIN!
LET'S TURN THE HEAT ON HIM, TORCH!
SECONDS LATER, THEIR FLAME ON FULL BLAST, THE PAIR STREAK AFTER THE BRAIN!
I'LL BLOW US ALL UP BEFORE I'LL LET YOU TAKE ME!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
BUT AS THE BRAIN PUSHES DOWN THE PLUNGER THAT WILL DESTROY THE PLANT, TORCH LET'S FLY WITH A FIRE BALL!
WHAT--?
THE BRAIN, HIS PLANS GONE AWRY, DECIDES TO DRAW ON HIS LAST ACE!
I HAVE ONE CHANCE TO OUTWIT THESE FOOLS!
HA! HA! HA! TOO LATE.. YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME NOW!
TORCH! THE BRAIN! HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE SOAKING PITS!
AFTER HIM-- QUICK! IF HE WRECKS THE PITS, HE'LL PUT THE PLANT OUT OF OPERATION FOR MONTHS!
11


NOW FOR THE FATHERLAND -- AND THE FUEHRER!
BUT THE MONSTER UNDER-ESTIMATES HIS ADVERSARIES!
HERE -- LET ME LIGHT IT FOR YOU!
UGH!
THE BRAIN LOSES HIS BALANCE AND TUMBLES OVER THE RAILING TO THE PITS BELOW!
YOW!
SENATOR DOAKS!
A SENATOR WHO TURNED TRAITOR!
TORCH AND TORO, TURN THE NAZI THUGS OVER TO THE POLICE! THEN LIKE TWO FIERY METEORS, THEY STREAK FOR HOME!
NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO HE REALLY IS!
YES, WE WILL, KID! THE BRAIN IS WEARING A MASK!
LET'S CALL IT A DAY, TORO!
THE END

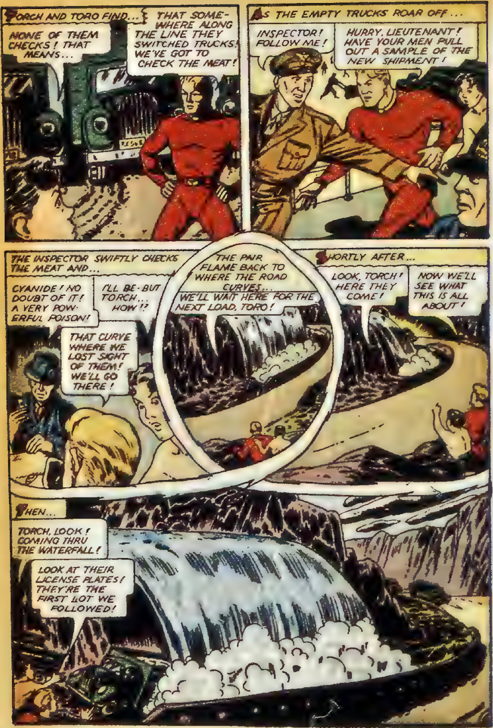
HUMAN TORCH
IN A U.S. ARMY CAMP SOLDIERS DIED IN HORR-IBLE AGONY! WHEN TORCH AND TORO TOOK UP THE TRAIL, THEY FOUND A
"NAZI POISON FIEND"
CYANIDE

OUR STORY BEGINS AT A PACIFIC COAST EMBARKATION BASE...
AH! FOOD! BEAUTIFUL FOOD! SAY---?
TASTES KIND OF FUNNY, DOESN'T IT? BUT, SHUCKS, FOOD IS FOOD!
BUT HALFWAY THRU THE MEAL...
GOSH! I F-FEEL K-KINDA F-FUN-- OH!
M-ME TOO! GOLLY, WHAT IS THIS!?
AN OFFICER ENTERS THE MESSHALL AND...
SERGEANT! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MEN! GET DOCTORS, NURSES!
YES SIR!
TEN DIE! HUNDREDS STRICKEN IN ARMY CAMP! MEDICAL AUTHORITIES BELIEVE POISONED MEAT TO BE CAUSE!
VICTIMS OVERCROWD THE HOSPITAL WHILE DOCTORS WORK FRANTICALLY TO SAVE THEM...
OH, DOCTOR! HE'S DEAD! WHAT IS THIS HORRIBLE THING?
FOOD POISONING NURSE! AND, IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S NO ACCIDENT!
PRESIDENT OF MEAT PACKING COMPANY DENIES NEGLECT AS CAUSE OF MEAT CONTAMINATION!
WHILE NOT FAR FROM THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY...
WHAT DO YOU THINK, TORCH? IS IT A CASE OF CONTAMINATED MEAT?
NO, KID! I BELIEVE IT WAS DELIBERATELY POISONED BY NAZI SABOTEURS!

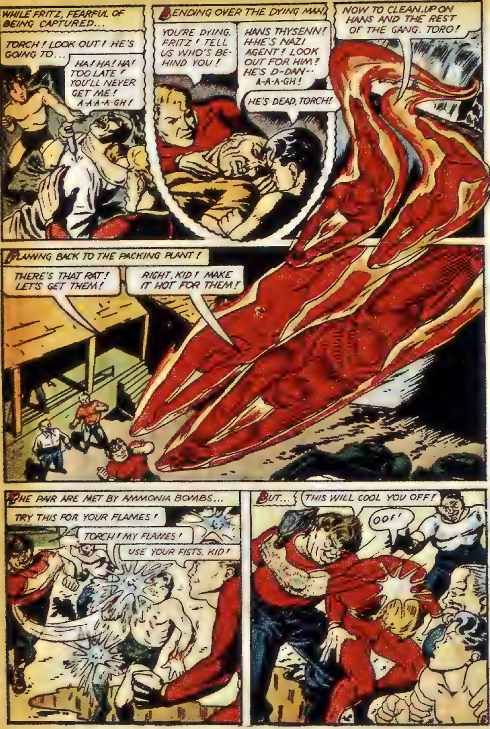

WHAT ? THEN LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT !
WE ARE ! FLAME ON, KID ! WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BUSINESS !
THE PAPER SAID THE EL RANCHO PACKING COMPANY SUPPLIED IT !
THEN THAT'S OUR FIRST STOP !
MINUTES LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF EL RANCHO PACKING COMPANY...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT ! I'VE BEEN DEALING WITH THE ARMY SINCE THE WAR BEGAN ! WE'VE NEVER HAD TROUBLE !
YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THE MEAT COULD HAVE BEEN POISONED, MR VANE ?
IT COULDN'T BE IN OUR PLANT ! IT'S STAMPED BY GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS BEFORE IT LEAVES ! THEN WE TRUCK IT TO A CENTRAL REFRIGERATION PLANT, OWNED BY THE ARMY !
SO IF IT WERE DONE BY SOMEONE IN YOUR EMPLOY IT WOULD HAVE TO BE DONE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND THE ARMY PLANT ?
CORRECT ! THE PLANT IS IN LAUREL. LET ME KNOW HOW YOU MAKE OUT !
WE WILL ! AND THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION !
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF VANE, TORCH ?
HE'S ALL RIGHT, KID ! BUT I'M CONVINCED THAT SOMEONE IN HIS EMPLOY IS RESPONSIBLE !

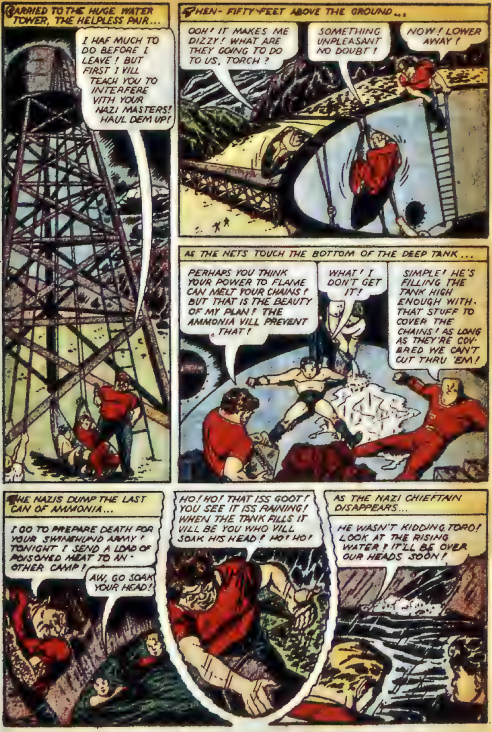
AND THE EL RANCHO PACKING HOUSE IN LAUREC...
WHAT DO WE DO FIRST, TORCH?
SEE WHAT KIND OF FELLOW THE MANAGER, HANS THYSENN IS, KID!
EL RANCHO PACKING CO. HANS THYSENN, MGR
THE PAIR ARE GREETED WARMLY BY THE PLANT'S MANAGER...
THINK NOTHING OF IT! I'LL PE GLAD TO DO IT! FRITZ! THESE GENTLE-MEN VISH TO BE SHOWN THRU THE PLANT!
FRIENDLY CUSS, ISN'T HE?
YES, BUT THERE WAS A LOOK IN HIS EYE THAT I DIDN'T LIKE!
HERE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS CHECK THE MEAT BEFORE IT ISS SHIPPED! THIS LOT ISS BEING SENT TONIGHT! EXCUSE ME - I MUST SPEAK WITH SOMEONE..
DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?
YES! WE'RE GO-ING TO FOLLOW THE TRUCKS - TONIGHT!
4

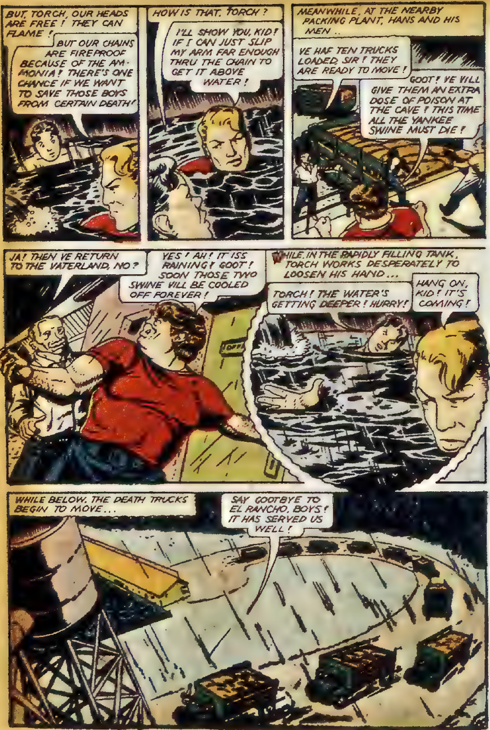
WHILE FRITZ ...
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD PULL SOMETHING TONIGHT, BOSS? THOSE TWO MIGHT SUSPECT!
BAH! THOSE FOOLS! CARRY ON AS WE'VE PLANNED IT! IF THEY INTERFERE I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
THAT EVENING...
THERE THEY GO!
FLAME ON, KID! WE'LL KEEP FAR ENOUGH BEHIND SO THEY WON'T SUSPECT US!
THE FLAMING SLEUTHS FOLLOW UNTIL THE ROAD CURVES...
HECK! LET'S CUT ACROSS, TORCH! WE CAN CATCH THEM AT THE HEAD OF THE CURVE!
OKAY, KID! IT'S A CINCH NOTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THE MINUTE THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT!
CUTTING ACROSS COUNTRY, THEY WAIT FOR THE TRUCKS TO APPEAR...
I THINK WE'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK, TORCH! THE MEAT MUST HAVE BEEN POISONED ELSEWHERE!
MAYBE! SAY! IT'S TAKING THOSE TRUCKS A LONG TIME TO MAKE THE CURVE... OH, HERE THEY COME!
THE TRUCKS UNLOAD...
U.S. ARMY REFRIGERATION CENTER
WE CERTAINLY DREW A COLD PIGEON THIS TIME!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT- HEY! LOOK AT THIS!
WHAT'S UP, TORCH?
THE LICENSE PLATES, KID! I JOTTED THEM DOWN WHEN WE LEFT THE PLANT BUT NOW THEY DON'T CHECK! THEY'RE DIFFERENT!
B2943

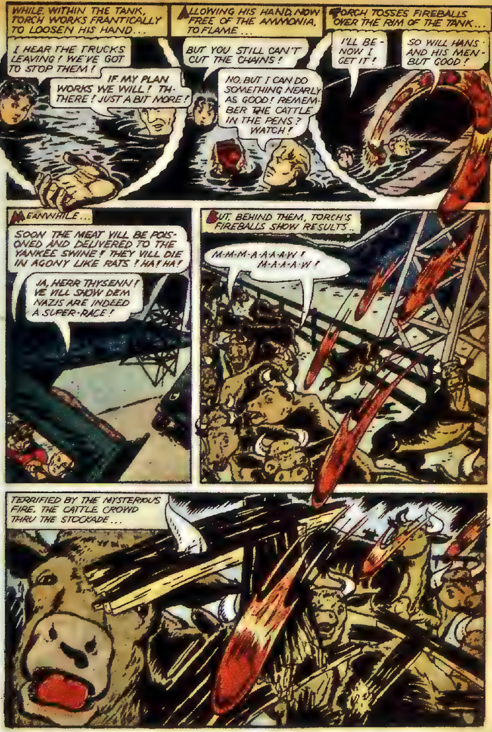

TORCH AND TORO FIND...
NONE OF THEM CHECKS! THAT MEANS...
THAT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE THEY SWITCHED TRUCKS! WE'VE GOT TO CHECK THE MEAT!
AS THE EMPTY TRUCKS ROAR OFF...
INSPECTOR! FOLLOW ME!
HURRY, LIEUTENANT! HAVE YOUR MEN PULL OUT A SAMPLE OF THE NEW SHIPMENT!
THE INSPECTOR SWIFTLY CHECKS THE MEAT AND...
CYANIDE! NO DOUBT OF IT! A VERY POWERFUL POISON!
I'LL BE-BUT TORCH... HOW!?
THAT CURVE WHERE WE LOST SIGHT OF THEM! WE'LL GO THERE!
THE PAIR FLAME BACK TO WHERE THE ROAD CURVES...
WE'LL WAIT HERE FOR THE NEXT LOAD, TORO!
SHORTLY AFTER...
LOOK, TORCH! HERE THEY COME!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THEN...
TORCH, LOOK! COMING THRU THE WATERFALL!
LOOK AT THEIR LICENSE PLATES! THEY'RE THE FIRST LOT WE FOLLOWED!

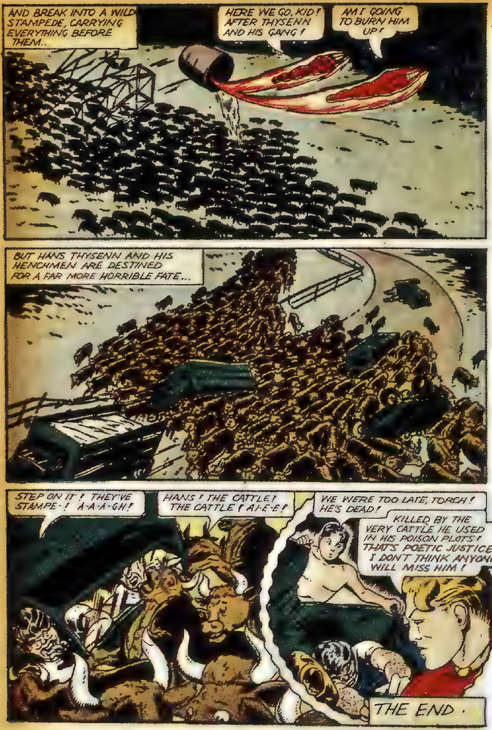
I GET IT! THE DRIVERS JUST SWITCH TRUCKS THEN THE GOOD MEAT IS DRIVEN INTO A CAVE AND POISONED!
RIGHT TORO! WATCH! THEY'RE COMING BACK!
THE SWITCH COMPLETED, THE TRUCKS DRIVE OFF
SAY! ARE WE GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY?
THE F.B.I. WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM, KID! OUR JOB IS TO GET THOSE RATS BEHIND THE FALLS!
THEY PLUNGE THRU THE FALLS AND...
THE TRUCKS, TORCH! LOOK!
THIS IS IT KID!
OOPH!
CUT UP!
A-A-A-GH!
YEOW!


WHILE FRITZ, FEARFUL OF BEING CAPTURED...
TORCH! LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO...
HA! HA! HA! TOO LATE! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! A-A-A-A-GH!
BENDING OVER THE DYING MAN
YOU'RE DYING, FRITZ! TELL US WHO'S BEHIND YOU!
HANS THYSENN! H-HE'S NAZI AGENT! LOOK OUT FOR HIM! HE'S D-DAN-- A-A-A-GH!
HE'S DEAD, TORCH!
NOW TO CLEAN UP ON HANS AND THE REST OF THE GANG, TORO!
FLAMING BACK TO THE PACKING PLANT!
THERE'S THAT RAT! LET'S GET THEM!
RIGHT, KID! MAKE IT HOT FOR THEM!
THE PAIR ARE MET BY AMMONIA BOMBS...
TRY THIS FOR YOUR FLAMES!
TORCH! MY FLAMES!
USE YOUR FISTS, KID!
BUT...
THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF!
OOF!


CARRIED TO THE HUGE WATER TOWER, THE HELPLESS PAIR...
I HAF MUCH TO DO BEFORE I LEAVE ! BUT FIRST I VILL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE VITH YOUR NAZI MASTERS! HAUL DEM UP!
THEN- FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND...
OOH! IT MAKES ME DIZZY! WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO US, TORCH ?
SOMETHING UNPLEASANT NO DOUBT !
NOW ! LOWER AWAY !
AS THE NETS TOUCH THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP TANK...
PERHAPS YOU THINK YOUR POWER TO FLAME CAN MELT YOUR CHAINS ! BUT THAT IS THE BEAUTY OF MY PLAN! THE AMMONIA VILL PREVENT THAT!
WHAT ! I DON'T GET IT!
SIMPLE! HE'S FILLING THE TANK HIGH ENOUGH WITH THAT STUFF TO COVER THE CHAINS! AS LONG AS THEY'RE COVERED WE CAN'T CUT THRU 'EM!
THE NAZIS DUMP THE LAST CAN OF AMMONIA...
I GO TO PREPARE DEATH FOR YOUR SWINEHUND ARMY ! TONIGHT I SEND A LOAD OF POISONED MEAT TO ANOTHER CAMP !
AW, GO SOAK YOUR HEAD!
HO! HO! THAT ISS GOOT! YOU SEE IT ISS RAINING! WHEN THE TANK FILLS IT VILL BE YOU WHO VILL SOAK HIS HEAD ! HO! HO!
AS THE NAZI CHIEFTAIN DISAPPEARS...
HE WASN'T KIDDING TORO! LOOK AT THE RISING WATER ? IT'LL BE OVER OUR HEADS SOON!


BUT, TORCH, OUR HEADS ARE FREE! THEY CAN FLAME!
BUT OUR CHAINS ARE FIREPROOF BECAUSE OF THE AM-MONIA! THERE'S ONE CHANCE IF WE WANT TO SAVE THOSE BOYS FROM CERTAIN DEATH!
HOW IS THAT, TORCH?
I'LL SHOW YOU, KID! IF I CAN JUST SLIP MY ARM FAR ENOUGH THRU THE CHAIN TO GET IT ABOVE WATER!
MEANWHILE, AT THE NEARBY PACKING PLANT, HANS AND HIS MEN..
VE HAF TEN TRUCKS LOADED, SIR! THEY ARE READY TO MOVE!
GOOT! VE VILL GIVE THEM AN EXTRA DOSE OF POISON AT THE CAVE! THIS TIME ALL THE YANKEE SWINE MUST DIE!
JA! THEN VE RETURN TO THE VATERLAND, NO?
YES! AH! IT ISS RAINING! GOOT! SOON THOSE TWO SWINE VILL BE COOLED OFF FOREVER!
WHILE, IN THE RAPIDLY FILLING TANK, TORCH WORKS DESPERATELY TO LOOSEN HIS HAND...
TORCH! THE WATER'S GETTING DEEPER! HURRY!
HANG ON, KID! IT'S COMING!
WHILE BELOW, THE DEATH TRUCKS BEGIN TO MOVE...
SAY GOOTBYE TO EL RANCHO, BOYS! IT HAS SERVED US WELL!


WHILE WITHIN THE TANK, TORCH WORKS FRANTICALLY TO LOOSEN HIS HAND...
I HEAR THE TRUCKS LEAVING! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
IF MY PLAN WORKS WE WILL! TH-THERE! JUST A BIT MORE!
ALLOWING HIS HAND, NOW FREE OF THE AMMONIA, TO FLAME...
BUT YOU STILL CAN'T CUT THE CHAINS!
NO, BUT I CAN DO SOMETHING NEARLY AS GOOD! REMEMBER THE CATTLE IN THE PENS? WATCH!
TORCH TOSSES FIREBALLS OVER THE RIM OF THE TANK...
I'LL BE-NOW I GET IT!
SO WILL HANS AND HIS MEN-BUT GOOD!
MEANWHILE...
SOON THE MEAT VILL BE POISONED AND DELIVERED TO THE YANKEE SWINE! THEY VILL DIE IN AGONY LIKE RATS! HA! HA!
JA, HERR THYSENN! VE VILL SHOW DEM NAZIS ARE INDEED A SUPER-RACE!
BUT, BEHIND THEM, TORCH'S FIREBALLS SHOW RESULTS...
M-M-M-A-A-A-AW! M-A-A-A-W!
TERRIFIED BY THE MYSTERIOUS FIRE, THE CATTLE CROWD THRU THE STOCKADE...


AND BREAK INTO A WILD STAMPEDE, CARRYING EVERYTHING BEFORE THEM..
HERE WE GO, KID! AFTER THYSENN AND HIS GANG!
AM I GOING TO BURN HIM UP!
BUT HANS THYSENN AND HIS HENCHMEN ARE DESTINED FOR A FAR MORE HORRIBLE FATE...
STEP ON IT! THEY'VE STAMPE-! A-A-A-GH!
HANS! THE CATTLE! THE CATTLE! AI-E-E!
WE WERE TOO LATE, TORCH! HE'S DEAD!
KILLED BY THE VERY CATTLE HE USED IN HIS POISON PLOTS! THAT'S POETIC JUSTICE! I DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL MISS HIM!
THE END.

TESTING GROUND

TROUBLE with you civvies," Sergeant Williams had snapped, "is you don't know when you're well off. Wait'll you're in uniform. Just wait!"

Pete was talking, "When are we getting out of this joint? Me—I've had enough!"

Ted slid out of his jacket, stood with one foot up on the block of cement surrounding the pot-bellied stove. "I'm fed up too," he admitted. "But we're working for the army—"

Pete interrupted, "I'm not in uniform—yet. I don't have to take Sergeant Williams' orders!"

Ted waited. Of course they were fed up but that didn't alter the fact that there was a convoy of trucks lined up, to go to Fort Claire; trucks that had to roll tonight in order to be ready for overseas shipment in the morning.

"You guys seem to forget," Ted reminded them, "that this is our job. We're getting paid overtime for it. It's up to us to deliver!"

The door opened admitting a gust of rain and wind, and Sergeant Williams. He closed the door, looked around at the men lining the field house. He asked, "You fellows ready to go?"

Steve snarled, "When do we eat? And where?"

"Mean to say you didn't make at least a couple of stops to chow? Come over to the mess hall and get a feed there—"

"Beans and boiled spuds!" Steve flung back. "I'm talking about food, not army grub!"

Ted felt his heart pound, looked warningly at Steve. He was sticking his neck out for trouble. The Sergeant wouldn't judge Steve alone, but instead would hold the burly driver up as a yard-stick and measure all of them by it. "We've been on the road since morning," Ted stepped forward. "All of us are soaked through, Sergeant. We did make one stop on the way down but that didn't help much—"

"Okay," Sergeant Williams snapped. "Take care of it yourselves. The point is—are you going to get these trucks rolling or not?"

Steve said flatly, "Not me! I've had enough!"

Sergeant Williams turned aside. "Okay, guy. I'll get army drivers. You *civvies* can go home!"

Ted looked out the rain spattered window. The big field was a sea of mud and water and he watched the gusts of rain run across it like ruffles.

It hadn't been easy getting through this afternoon. Good roads were at a premium up North. They'd made detours and gone far out of their way. One of the clunkers had broken down completely, and it had been Steve's luck to be in front. He'd had the job of hauling which hadn't helped his temper any.

The Sergeant said, "You dripping lillies can beat it. So far as I'm concerned you won't come back. The army'll take care of this stuff!"

BUT Ted pulled on his gloves. "I don't know about the others, but I'll take my job back to the Fort. The others can do as they like!"

Ted went out the door. The wind spit rain sharply into his face and he pulled his damp collar back up and hunched his shoulders into the blast, making for the garage across thet field. He followed a line of trucks down to the road and walked on over to the concrete building where the convoy was lined up. Inside the garage doors there was already a group of soldiers waiting.

The Sergeant came in a few minutes later and after him came the rest of Ted's crew, one at a time, faces dripping and tense. Steve was last. He crowded just inside the door, stood glaring about him.

"You talked too much," Ted told him. "You've got us all in hot water—"

"Tough isn't it!" Steve snarled. "You're a wise guy!"

Ted turned away. The Sergeant was giving the soldiers last minute instructions. As long as the civilians couldn't handle the job . . .

Walking to the door Ted turned to his drivers. "Any of you guys who are driving, get out here and into a cab. The rest can go home and stay there!"

"Hey!" the Sergeant yelled. "I thought you guys—"

"I'm speaking for myself," Ted answered, "I don't know about the others!"

He walked on out and climbed into the cab of the first two and a half ton. As he slid behind the wheel he saw five of the others following, heard the slam of the doors of their trucks, the spit of motors turning over, roaring into life. There were six in all. Ted knew angrily that the others would be soldiers.

Sergeant Williams paused beside Ted's truck. "I'm in charge," he yelled through the rain and wind. "We'll lead off. It's not too late to back out—"

"Roll 'em!" Ted yelled, meshing the gears.

THE convoy thrashed through the rain and wind, following the winding ditch of mud that served as a road. It was a tough pull, much of it second gear, even low. The trucks jolted and banged along, slithering from side to side. The wheels of the job in front of Ted threw up a steady curtain of mud that struck the windshield. Windshield wipers lagged and it was hard to see. Once Ted almost went off into the ditch before he eased up on the throttle and let the wiper catch up, brought the big job grinding out again just in the nick of time.

The road crawled up through the hills, started down into a valley. It was impossible to see anything, and when the truck ahead of Ted suddenly slowed up, Ted wondered why. The convoy came to a complete stop and, opening the door, Ted leaned out and looked up ahead. He could see them lined up before a bridge. The water was washing tha surface, and Sergeant Williams had walked up to the edge of it. As Ted peered ahead the Sergeant turned and came back. He paused at the lead truck for a moment, came on down the line.

Ted yelled, "What's wrong?"

"Bridge out—we've got to go back—can't get through—"

"The convoy—"

Sergeant Williams bellowed, "Have to go back and around! Take till morning. No other way!"

He went on down the line, giving instructions to turn around. On the way back Ted stopped him. "I know this country pretty well. You said this stuff was for shipment in the morning. If we go around we'll never make it. There's another way through the hills—if you want to tackle it!"

The Sergeant peered up. "If there's another bridge—"

"There is, but we'll stand a good chance of getting over. Get the convoy formed again and let me lead!"

The Sergeant waved and slammed the door. It took time to get the line around. Finally Ted was in the lead, with the Sergeant and his driver and truck behind. Once more the convoy started.

Ted had known it would be tough going, but it meant the difference between success and failure in more ways than one. Most of all, he wanted to show Sergeant Williams that the "civvies" could take it; could deliver the goods. . . .

It was easier to see now that there was no one ahead, and Ted pushed forward relentlessly. The road wound in and out, climbing steadily till they were well above the valley and traveling parallel to it. It was dark by that time and the headlights peerd into the steady curtain of rain.

Ted's arms and legs ached. Once upon a time he'd loved driving, but tonight he'd have given almost anything to have this stretch over with and be able to call it quits. His eyes ached from the constant strain of trying to see through the driving rain. The wind caught at the truck, thrusting it from side to side. Once they were high above the valley, a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to the bottom.

Then the road was winding down and the driving was easier. Ted glanced swiftly at the temp gauge. The engine was hot. It had been a long, hard pull, but the worst should be over now.

The valley was ahead and the lights picked up the bridge. But it wasn't flooded, as had been the other, and Ted pushed forward without hesitation, wheeling the two and a half ton job to the other side. His heart was in his mouth as he felt the heavy truck rattling over the short concrete bed. He drew a deep breath of relief when they were on the other side.

They'd made the fort by midnight. The road wound down into the low country, straightened out its twisted coil and headed away through the farming district. Once in a while Ted saw the lights of farm houses winking away through the storm. For almost the first time in hours, he had the truck in high and kept it there.

IT WAS warm inside the big field house. Ted relaxed gratefully. Sergeant Williams came in. "Nice going," he admitted. He looked the rest of Ted's crew over critically. "Y'know, I used to be a civilian once. I hated to think you guys would wash out—"

"We'd put in a long stretch," Ted said. "Steve and a couple of others have families to go home to—"

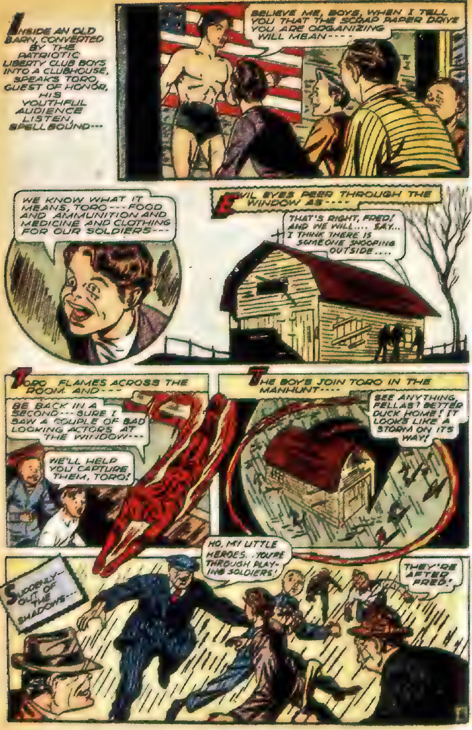
"I know. But these trucks are needed. Families have got to wait. I'm danged glad you guys, part of you at least, showed you're willing to do your stuff!"

Someone yelped, "Hi, Sarg! Those beans and boiled spuds—"

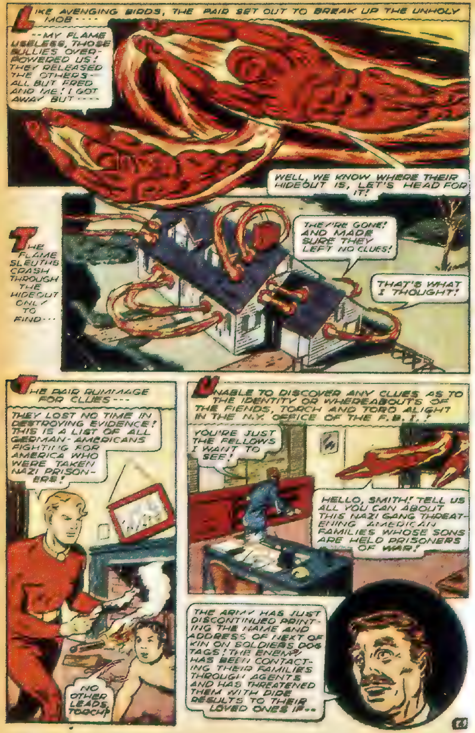
The soldier laughed. "It's late, but I've got a drag with the mess sergeant. Maybe I can wangle chow for you guys!"

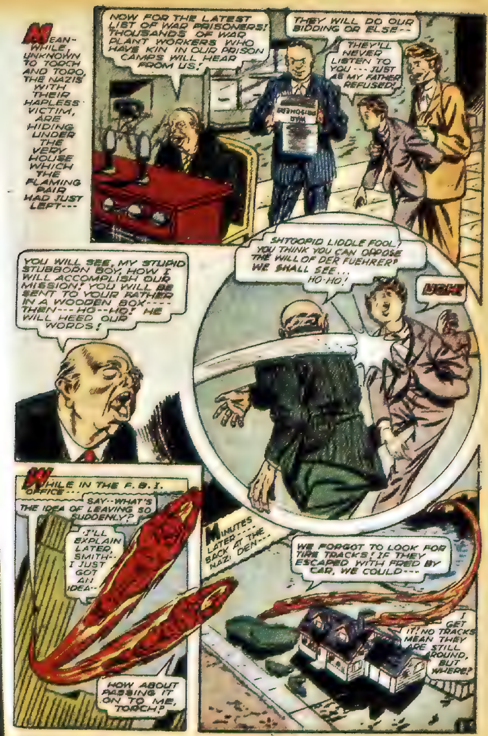
THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH
"DOG TAG HORROR"
FIENDISH NAZI AGENTS WHO PREY UPON
VICTIMS IN OUR OWN BELOVED
TORCH AND TORO
A VICIOUS, MASTER SCHEME
CITIZENS... WILL THEY SUCCEED?

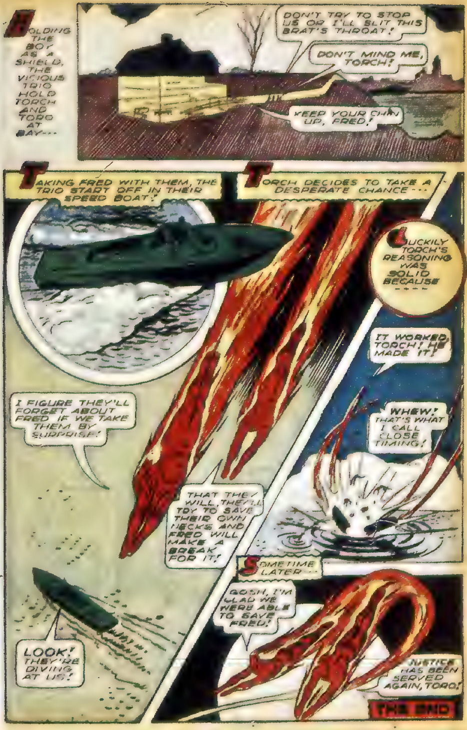

INSIDE AN OLD BARN, CONVERTED BY THE PATRIOTIC LIBERTY CLUB BOYS INTO A CLUBHOUSE, SPEAKS TORO, GUEST OF HONOR, HIS YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE LISTEN, SPELLBOUND---
BELIEVE ME, BOYS, WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE SCRAP PAPER DRIVE YOU ARE ORGANIZING WILL MEAN----
WE KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, TORO---FOOD AND AMMUNITION AND MEDICINE AND CLOTHING FOR OUR SOLDIERS---
EVIL EYES PEER THROUGH THE WINDOW AS----
THAT'S RIGHT, FRED! AND WE WILL.... SAY... I THINK THERE IS SOMEONE SNOOPING OUTSIDE....
TORO FLAMES ACROSS THE ROOM AND---
BE BACK IN A SECOND---SURE I SAW A COUPLE OF BAD LOOKING ACTORS AT THE WINDOW---
WE'LL HELP YOU CAPTURE THEM, TORO!
THE BOYS JOIN TORO IN THE MANHUNT----
SEE ANYTHING, FELLAS? BETTER DUCK HOME! IT LOOKS LIKE A STORM ON ITS WAY!
SUDDENLY--- OUT OF THE SHADOWS---
HO, MY LITTLE HEROES. YOU'RE THROUGH PLAYING SOLDIERS!
THEY'RE AFTER FRED!

JUST AS TORO DIVES TOWARD THE THREE DEMONS, A BLINDING, THUNDERING DOWNPOUR DOUSES HIS FLAME---
MY FLAME'S GONE OUT--- WHAT'LL I DO??
AT A TERRIBLE DISADVANTAGE AGAINST THE BRUTE STRENGTH OF THE EVIL TRIO, THE BOYS NEVERTHELESS CONTINUE TO FIGHT THEM OFF----!
TAKE THAT, FIRE BUG!
UGH!
HAW! HAW! EVERYTHING IS WORKING ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE--- EVEN THE RAIN!
THE RAIN HAS EASED-- IT IS THREE HOURS AFTER THE COWARDLY ATTACK-- PARENTS OF THE LIBERTY CLUB BOYS APPEAL TO TORCH!
OUR FEARS AREN'T GROUNDLESS, TORCH! WE ARE DEALING WITH NAZI KILLERS--- OUR YOUNGSTERS CAN'T BE FOUND!
SUPPOSE YOU BEGIN FROM THE BEGINNING MUELLER---
PAUL MUELLER DISCLOSES A SPINE CHILLING STORY----
MY SON, ALLEN IS A PRISONER OF WAR! ABOUT THREE DAYS AGO, A NAZI CAME TO OUR HOUSE AND TOLD ME IF I DIDN'T COOPERATE WITH THE NAZI CAUSE, THEY WOULD TORTURE AL AND---
TORCH FLAMES OUT OF HIS N.Y. APARTMENT AND HEADS FOR THE LIBERTY CLUB BOY'S CLUBHOUSE!
AN INCREDIBLE STORY--BUT TRUE! THOSE FIENDS HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR THREATS TO HADIM MUELLER'S FAMILY BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T COMMIT SABOTAGE IN THE DEFENSE PLANT---
AS TORCH FLAMES DOWN, TORO SUDDENLY APPEARS OUT OF THE DARK SKY---
TORCH! TORCH! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU-- HURRY!
WHA---WHY, BOY! WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE THE OTHER KIDS?

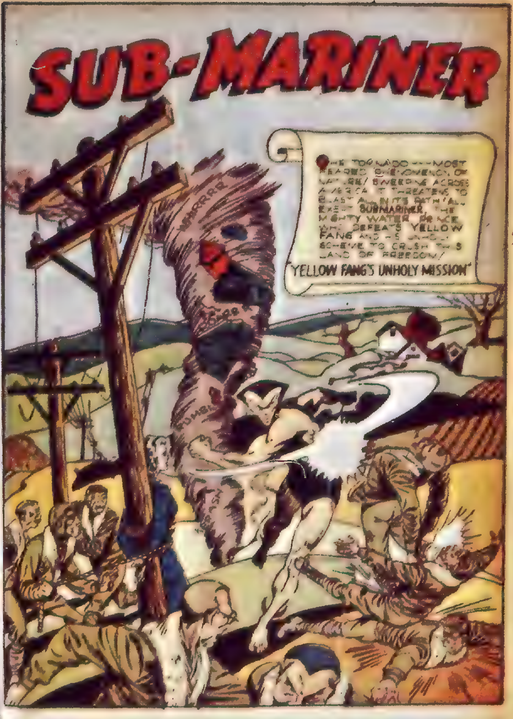

LIKE AVENGING BIRDS, THE PAIR SET OUT TO BREAK UP THE UNHOLY MOB----
--MY FLAME USELESS, THOSE BULLIES OVER-POWERED US! THEY RELEASED THE OTHERS-- ALL BUT FRED AND ME! I GOT AWAY BUT----
WELL, WE KNOW WHERE THEIR HIDEOUT IS, LET'S HEAD FOR IT!
THE FLAME SLEUTHS CRASH THROUGH THE HIDEOUT ONLY TO FIND---
THEY'RE GONE! AND MADE SURE THEY LEFT NO CLUES!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!
THE PAIR RUMMAGE FOR CLUES---
THEY LOST NO TIME IN DESTROYING EVIDENCE! THIS IS A LIST OF ALL GERMAN-AMERICANS FIGHTING FOR AMERICA WHO WERE TAKEN NAZI PRISONERS!
NO OTHER LEADS, TORCH?
UNABLE TO DISCOVER ANY CLUES AS TO THE IDENTITY OR WHEREABOUTS OF THE FIENDS, TORCH AND TORO ALIGHT IN THE N.Y. OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.!
YOU'RE JUST THE FELLOWS I WANT TO SEE!
HELLO, SMITH! TELL US ALL YOU CAN ABOUT THIS NAZI GANG THREATENING AMERICAN FAMILIES WHOSE SONS ARE HELD PRISONERS OF WAR!
THE ARMY HAS JUST DISCONTINUED PRINTING THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEXT OF KIN ON SOLDIERS DOG TAGS! THE ENEMY HAS BEEN CONTACTING THEIR FAMILIES THROUGH AGENTS AND HAS THREATENED THEM WITH DIRE RESULTS TO THEIR LOVED ONES IF--


MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO TORCH AND TORO, THE NAZIS WITH THEIR HAPLESS VICTIM, ARE HIDING UNDER THE VERY HOUSE WHICH THE FLAMING PAIR HAD JUST LEFT---
NOW FOR THE LATEST LIST OF WAR PRISONERS! THOUSANDS OF WAR PLANT WORKERS WHO HAVE KIN IN OUR PRISON CAMPS WILL HEAR FROM US!
THEY WILL DO OUR BIDDING OR ELSE--
THEY'LL NEVER LISTEN TO YOU --- JUST AS MY FATHER REFUSED!
YOU WILL SEE, MY STUPID STUBBORN BOY, HOW I WILL ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION! YOU WILL BE SENT TO YOUR FATHER IN A WOODEN BOX---- THEN--- HO--HO! HE WILL HEED OUR WORDS!
SHTOOPID LIDDLE FOOL! YOU THINK YOU CAN OPPOSE THE WILL OF DER FUEHRER? WE SHALL SEE... HO-HO!
WHILE IN THE F.B.I. OFFICE---
SAY--WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LEAVING SO SUDDENLY?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, SMITH-- I JUST GOT AN IDEA--
HOW ABOUT PASSING IT ON TO ME, TORCH?
MINUTES LATER---- BACK AT THE NAZI DEN---
WE FORGOT TO LOOK FOR TIRE TRACKS! IF THEY ESCAPED WITH FRED BY CAR, WE COULD---
I GET IT! NO TRACKS MEAN THEY ARE STILL AROUND, BUT WHERE?

THE SEARCH FRUITLESS, THE PAIR RE-ENTER THE SEEMINGLY ABANDONED HOUSE---
I'D SAY THOSE DEMONS NEVER MOVED FROM THIS HOUSE!
THEY FLAME INTO THE CELLAR!
SAY! I HEAR VOICES-- WE'RE ON TIME-- I HOPE!
MEANWHILE, THE VILE TRIO PREPARE THE YOUTH'S DOOM---
YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE, BUT THERE WILL BE OTHERS WHO WILL LISTEN TO REASON AND---
YOUR TRICK WON'T WORK!
YOUR STUPID LEADERS HAVE PUT VICTORY IN OUR HANDS WHEN THEY STAMPED NEXT OF KIN'S NAME ON SOLDIERS DOG TAGS! DER FUEHRER IS MAKING GOOD USE OF YOUR BLUNDERINGS!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, TORCH AND TORO FLAME INTO THE ROOM---
BETTER TAKE IT EASY WITH THOSE FLAME BALLS, TORO-- DON'T WANT TO HARM FRED!
DON'T TRY ANY OF YOUR FLAME TRICKS OR WE'LL KILL THE BOY--
6


HOLDING THE BOY AS A SHIELD, THE VICIOUS TRIO HOLD TORCH AND TORO AT BAY---
DON'T TRY TO STOP US OR I'LL SLIT THIS BRAT'S THROAT!
DON'T MIND ME, TORCH!
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, FRED!
TAKING FRED WITH THEM, THE TRIO START OFF IN THEIR SPEED BOAT!
TORCH DECIDES TO TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE---
I FIGURE THEY'LL FORGET ABOUT FRED IF WE TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!
THAT THEY WILL, THEY'LL TRY TO SAVE THEIR OWN NECKS AND FRED WILL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
LOOK! THEY'RE DIVING AT US!
LUCKILY TORCH'S REASONING WAS SOLID BECAUSE ----
IT WORKED, TORCH! HE MADE IT!
WHEW! THAT'S WHAT I CALL CLOSE TIMING!
SOMETIME LATER---
GOSH, I'M GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO SAVE FRED!
JUSTICE HAS BEEN SERVED AGAIN, TORO!
THE END

URGENT!
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!
A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HELLO, KIDS!
YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!
GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!
PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U S ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE NEW PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE OLD! TODAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES. THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...
DO IT NOW -- THIS MINUTE!
BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!
THANKS, KIDS!
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER
FOR EASY HANDLING!
NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES.
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

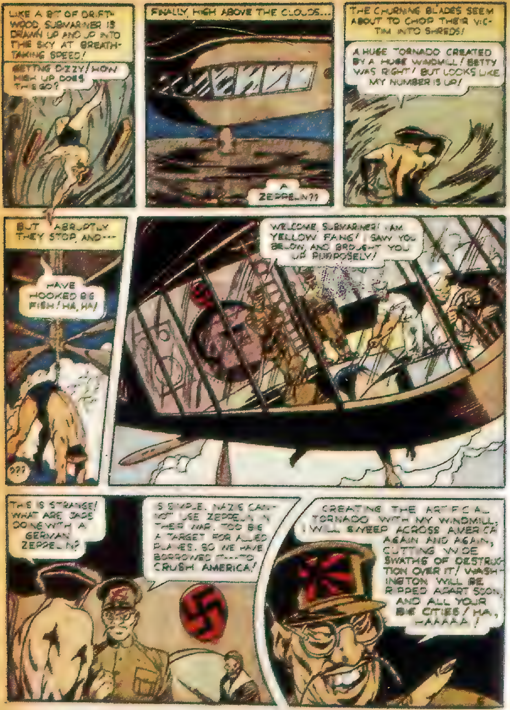

SUB-MARINER
THE TORNADO---MOST FEARED PHENOMENON OF NATURE! SWEEPING ACROSS AMERICA IT THREATENS TO BLAST ALL IN ITS PATH! ALL EXCEPT SUBMARINER, THE MIGHTY WATER PRINCE, WHO DEFEATS YELLOW FANG AND HIS UNHOLY SCHEME TO CRUSH THIS LAND OF FREEDOM!
"YELLOW FANG'S UNHOLY MISSION"

ON THE FLAT PLAINS OF KANSAS THERE'S ONE THING MORE FEARED THAN ANYTHING ELSE!
TORNADO! TORNADO! RUN!
THE POWERFUL WHIRLWIND UP-ROOTS FARM HOUSES IN IT'S WAY, WITH DEVASTATING MIGHT!
GRUMBLE
AGHHH
ROAR
AND SWEEPS ON RAPIDLY! BUT FREAKISHLY, IT SUDDENLY VEERS!
GOSH SAKES! I WAS RIGHT IN IT'S PATH, BUT IT'S TURNED AWAY! I'M PLENTY LUCKY, BUT THAT SURE BE A QUEER TORNADO, TURNING LIKE THAT!
ROAR
THE TORNADO NEXT THUNDERS DOWN ON A SMALL CITY!
HELP! THE TORNADO'S COMING THIS WAY!
THE CITY WILL BE WRECKED!
RUMBLE
SMASHING AND CRUSHING ALL IN IT'S WAY, THE WHIRLWIND WREAKS HAVOC IN THE CITY!
RUMBLE
CRASH
AGHHH
AND FINALLY BLASTS APART THE CITY'S HUGE WAR PLANT!
ROAR

THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT AROSE THE TERRIFIC WINDSTORM DIES TO NOTHING, LEAVING AGONY AND DESTRUCTION IN IT'S WAKE!
TERRIBLE! THE WHOLE PLANT IS KNOCKED OUT! SABOTEURS COULDN'T HAVE DONE A BETTER JOB!
AND ALL BECAUSE OF ONE TORNADO
BUT THE NEXT DAY, ONE NEWSPAPER PRINTS A STARTLING HEADLINE!
TORNADO GUIDED BY HUMAN HAND
BY BETTY DEANE
NOT AN ACCIDENT, I FULLY BELIEVE THE TORNADO WAS MAN MADE, AND WAS DELIBERATELY AIMED AT THE DESTROYED WAR PLANT....
THE F.B.I. CALLS AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, AND----
F.B.I! WE WANT TO SEE MISS BETTY DEANE!
THERE SHE IS!
YES!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, LADY! WHY THIS STATEMENT IS RIDICULOUS! YOU'RE SAYING IT WAS SABOTAGE!
EXACTLY, SIR! AND I KNOW I'M RIGHT!
LOOK! HERE'S THE PATH OF THE TORNADO! DID YOU HEAR OF A TORNADO MAKING A SHARP TURN LIKE THIS!
SORRY, LADY! THAT'S NO PROOF! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, AND----
WAR PLANT
AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER VISITOR WALKS IN!!
SUBMARINER! YOU'LL HELP ME, WON'T YOU?
HELLO, BETTY! HEARD YOU WERE IN TROUBLE!
3

GIVE ME 24 HOURS TO PROVE I'M RIGHT! IF I FAIL, I'LL RE-TRACT MY STATEMENT IN THE PAPERS!
GIVE HER A BREAK MEN!
WELL-- OKAY!-- PRINCE NAMOR! 24 HOURS!
HOW COULD THIS TORNADO BE MAN MADE, BETTY?
THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT! C'MON, WE'LL DRIVE FOR CLUES!
IN THE KANSAS PLAINS---
THE TORNADO CAME THROUGH HERE AND TURNED SHARPLY RIGHT AND---
WAIT, BETTY! WHAT THAT NOISE?
GOOD HEAVENS! THE TORNADO -- IT'S START-ED UP AGAIN!
IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US
ROAR
RUMBLE
TURN THE CAR, BETTY! WAIT-- THAT FARMER BOY, IN IT'S PATH..!
SUBMARINER! WHA---
KEEP ON, BETTY! DON'T STOP! I'LL TRY TO SAVE THE BOY!
HELP! OHHHH!
JUST MISSED US!

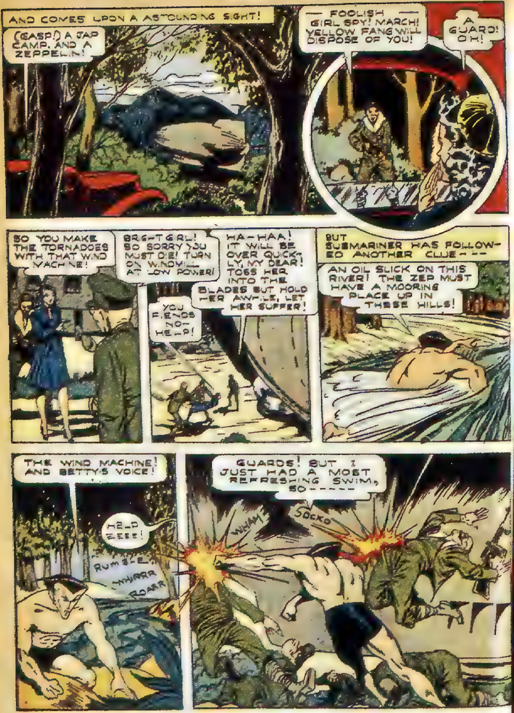
SUBMARINER SETS THE BOY DOWN SAFELY, AS THE GIANT WINDSTORM WHIRLS PAST!
GEE! YOU'RE THE GREAT PRINCE NAMOR, AREN'T YOU?
HANG ONTO THAT TREE, SONNY! I'VE GOT TO WATCH WHERE THAT TORNADO GOES!
SUDDENLY THE WHIRLWIND SWINGS AROUND AND CATCHES SUBMARINER IN THE OPEN
BY NEPTUNE! MAYBE BETTY'S RIGHT
IT IS DELIBERATELY PURSUING ME--- AS IF GUIDED BY A HUMAN HAND? THAT LAKE AHEAD---MY ONLY CHANCE!
I OUGHT TO BE SAFE AT THE BOTTOM!
BUT THE STORM SPOUT RAGES ACROSS THE LAKE!
WHIRRRRR
GASP! I'M IN THE GRIP OF TERRIFIC POWERS---


LIKE A BIT OF DRIFT-WOOD, SUBMARINER IS DRAWN UP AND UP INTO THE SKY AT BREATH-TAKING SPEED!
GETTING DIZZY! HOW HIGH UP DOES THIS GO?
FINALLY, HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS...
A ZEPPELIN??
THE CHURNING BLADES SEEM ABOUT TO CHOP THEIR VIC-TIM INTO SHREDS!
A HUGE TORNADO CREATED BY A HUGE WINDMILL! BETTY WAS RIGHT! BUT LOOKS LIKE MY NUMBER IS UP!
BUT ABRUPTLY THEY STOP, AND---
HAVE HOOKED BIG FISH! HA, HA!
???
WELCOME, SUBMARINER! I AM YELLOW FANG! I SAW YOU BELOW, AND BROUGHT YOU UP PURPOSELY!
THIS IS STRANGE! WHAT ARE JAPS DOING WITH A GERMAN ZEPPELIN?
IS SIMPLE. NAZIS CAN-NOT USE ZEPPELIN IN THEIR WAR. TOO BIG A TARGET FOR ALLIED PLANES. SO WE HAVE BORROWED IT--TO CRUSH AMERICA!
CREATING THE ARTIFICIAL TORNADO WITH MY WINDMILL, I WILL SWEEP ACROSS AMERICA AGAIN AND AGAIN, CUTTING WIDE SWATHS OF DESTRUC-TION OVER IT! WASH-INGTON WILL BE RIPPED APART SOON, AND ALL YOUR BIG CITIES! HA, HAAAAA!

THANKS FOR TELLING ME! BUT WHY DID YOU TAKE ME ALIVE?
BECAUSE IS HUGE REWARD FOR YOU IN TOKYO--ALIVE! YOU WILL BE TORTURED FOR HELPING ALLIES SO MUCH--
BUT THE MIGHTY AMPHIBIAN SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO ACTION
YOU HAVEN'T DELIVERED ME YET, MY FRIENDS!
EEP!
PEERLESS MUSCLES DRIVE WITH CRUSHING POWER AT THE LEERING, EVIL FACE OF YELLOW FANG!
STOP HIM
ALL YOU'RE STOPPING IS MY FIST! YELLOW BOY!
BUT THE BIG GONDOLA SWARMS WITH OTHER JAPS, AND--
SURROUNDED!
THIS TRAP DOOR--WHERE DOES IT LEAD?
CANNOT SHOOT
GAS BAGS!
SUB-MARINER LOSES HIMSELF IN THE HUGE INTERIOR OF THE ZEPPELIN!

CANNOT FIND HIM!
YOU'LL NEVER LOCATE ME! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF NOOKS TO HIDE IN!
YOU ARE CLEVER SUBMARINER! BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU HAVE NO PARACHUTE TO REACH GROUND! AND IN
24 HOURS YOU WILL BE WEAK FROM LACK OF WATER!
THAT'S TRUE! I'M STILL TRAPPED! I CAN HIDE HERE FOR 24 HOURS-- BUT I'LL NEED WATER--- OR I'M FINISHED!
HOURS PASS AND SUBMARINER ONCE AGAIN HEARS THE OMINOUS RUMBLE OF THE WIND MACHINE BEING USED!
HAAAA! ANOTHER CITY, WITH ALL IT'S WAR PLANTS SMASHED INTO ATOMS!
AHA! GOOD THING I REMEMBERED ZEPPELINS USE WATER FOR BALLAST!
STRENGTH SURGES BACK INTO THE MIGHTY SINEWS OF THE WATER PRINCE, AS THE PRECIOUS ELEMENT FLOWS OVER HIM!
NOW! I CAN HANDLE THESE MONKEYS AND GET WHAT I WANT!
PARACHUTES

DONNING A PARACHUTE, SUBMARINER LEAPS FROM THE ZEPPELIN!
NO ALARM SOUNDED! THEY DON'T SEE ME! I'LL BE BACK WITH A SQUADRON OF FIGHTER PLANES TO SHOOT THAT ZED DOWN
SUBMARINER REPORTS TO THE F.B.I.!
BETTY DEANE WAS RIGHT ALL THE TIME, CHIEF! YELLOW FANG A JAP AGENT CREATES THE TORNADOES WITH A ZEPPELIN!
AIRFIELD-QUICK! SEND UP A FLIGHT TO SHOOT DOWN A ZED!
BUT LATER-
NOTHING AT ALL UP THERE! MY PLANES COMBED THE SKY. NO SIGN OF A ZEPPELIN!
WHA..?
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER! THE ZED LANDED SOMEWHERE, TO REFUEL! BUT WHERE? AND I WONDER WHERE BETTY IS?
MEANWHILE, BETTY DEANE IS FOLLOWING HER OWN CLUES!
DRAGON! COULD THAT HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH THE TORNADOES?
BUT BETTY DRIVES FEARLESSLY INTO THE DESERTED HILL SECTION!


AND COMES UPON A ASTOUNDING SIGHT!
(GASP!) A JAP CAMP, AND A ZEPPELIN!
— FOOLISH — GIRL SPY! MARCH! YELLOW FANG WILL DISPOSE OF YOU!
A GUARD! OH!
SO YOU MAKE THE TORNADOES WITH THAT WIND MACHINE!
BRIGHT GIRL! SO SORRY YOU MUST DIE! TURN ON WINDMILL AT LOW POWER!
HA-HAA! IT WILL BE OVER QUICKLY, MY DEAR! TOSS HER INTO THE BLADES BUT HOLD HER AWHILE, LET HER SUFFER!
YOU FIENDS NO- HELP!
BUT SUBMARINER HAS FOLLOWED ANOTHER CLUE----
AN OIL SLICK ON THIS RIVER! THE ZEP MUST HAVE A MOORING PLACE UP IN THESE HILLS!
THE WIND MACHINE! AND BETTY'S VOICE!
HELP EEEE!
RUMBLE
WHIRRR
ROARR
GUARDS! BUT I JUST HAD A MOST REFRESHING SWIM, SO-----
WHAM
SOCKO

ENOUGH OF HER SCREAMING! FLING HER INTO THE BLADES!
BUT AS SUB-MARINER APPROACHES...
GLAD TO SEE ME, BETTY?
SUBMARINER! OH, THANK HEAVEN!
YOU AGAIN, PRINCE NAMOR! RIDDLE THEM BOTH!
QUICK---BEHIND THESE GAS TNS BETTY!
THE HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE FLUID BURSTS INTO FLAME!
BACK!
AND THEN, THE FLAMES ARE SUCKED UP BY THE WIND-MACHINE---UP INTO THE ZEPPELIN!
FIRE! STOP THE WIND-MACHINE!

BUT TO LATE! THE FLAMES STRIKE THE HYDROGEN GAS BAGS, AND WITH A ROAR, THE ENTIRE ZEPPELIN BURSTS INSTANTLY INTO FLAMES!
YELLOW FANG DIES IN THE FLAMING RUINS OF HIS OWN CRAFT!
INTO THE WATER, BETTY!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO COAX ME, THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC!
I DON'T THINK ONE JAP ESCAPED ALIVE, THEY ALL BURNED!
THAT'S THE END OF YELLOW FANG, AND HIS PLOT TO RIP AMERICA TO RIBBONS WITH HIS ARTIFICIAL TORNADOES!
LATER, AT THE F.B.I. OFFICE ---
MISS DEANE OUR APOLOGIES!
SKIP IT CHIEF! JUST LET ME RUN THE FULL STORY IN MY PAPER AND BE SURE TO GIVE SUBMARINER FULL CREDIT FOR SOLVING THIS CASE
THE END

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IT'S NO USE, JIMMY, BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE.
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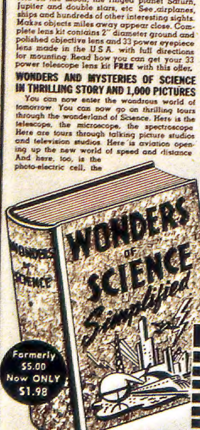

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